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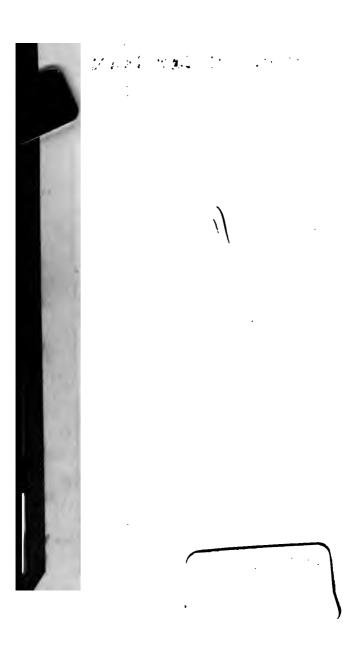
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ON THE WAY SIDE

C KEGAN



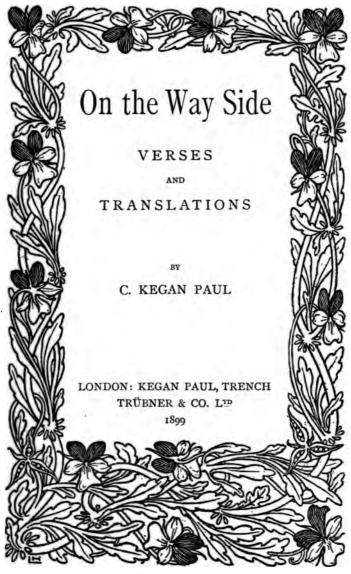
Joseph Kelly,
St Luke's tolleg.
Exeter
1922



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# A TOURIST'S NOTES

The verses here gathered together record some memories of pleasant travel, and some graver thoughts reflecting the sentiment of the hours in which they were written. These are not necessarily the expression of permanent opinion, any more than the places in which we sojourned were our real home.

The above lines were written some years ago. Since then ill-health has put an end to bodily travel, The sonnet called "The End of Wandering" indicates a still completer cessation of spiritual vagrancy, one for which I am more and more grateful each day that I live.



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# FRANCE UNDER THE SECOND EMPIRE

AH, France, fair France, how art thou spoiled and lying

Stained and dishonoured 'neath a traitor's tread!

Torn is thine Oriflamme once proudly flying,

Thy brave ones exiled, or in exile dead.

"Saviour of France," a Church in bonds may cry, And at the shrine of power bend the knee, Yet not the oil of Rheims can sanctify The base-born gaoler of a nation free.

Is thy heart numbed, thou land of Mirabeau?

Thy hands too closely tied to break thy chain?

Where is the voice to tell abroad thy woe,

And rouse thy fainting children once again?

A gloom of night is on thee, yet the slow

Dawn cometh surely, thou hast waited long;

And when the airs of freedom on thee blow,

Rise like a giant, and be brave and strong.

#### MESMER'S GRAVE

At Meersburg in Swabia

To climb where frown the castle-hill And drawbridge o'er the cotton-mill, And noise of shuttles 'neath our feet.

Though here each fortress-turret told
Of warrior lords and iron knocks,
The torrent cried from quarried rocks,
"The new age undermines the old."

Up: past those towers to other halls,
Dismantled home of princely priest,
Where mingled tones of prayer and feast
Still seem to lurk along the walls:

Up! higher up! we came where vines Enclasp a rude-hewn crucifix, And summer suns and showers mix Their golden glory into wines:



Up: higher up: we saw the wave Reflect the mountain's rosy snow; We found a churchyard bathed in glow, And there we stood by Mesmer's grave.

A pleasant rest for him who tried To lift the veil from Nature's face, And bore the laugh of all his race; Half-sage, half-charlatan he died.

We too must toil until the gold
Of sunrise light the hills of Truth;
For science aye renews her youth,
"The new age undermines the old."

#### "LE DIEU MOURANT"

The Guide in a certain Belgian Picture Gallery said, pointing to a picture of the Crucifixion, "C'est 'le Dieu Mourant,' par—"

THINK, if God had ever died,
'Twere not like God to perish thus,
No spear had pierced a fleshly side,
God had not bled, sweat, groaned like us.

No tender women, stooping round, Had kissed his pallid parted lips, No sheeted forms had burst the ground, In such half-night of brief eclipse.

Nay, rather as some central star,

The fount of life, and thought, and light,
Might send one flash of flame afar,

And then go out in lasting night;—

God would have stood above the sky,
Once, but then all revealed to man,
And every human thought and eye
Had turned on Him, while Nature, wan

With prescience of the coming gloom,

Had stayed her force; then God had said

"I am no more," and with the doom

Himself and all that is were dead.

#### A GERMAN RESIDENZ

At Detmold

PRINZESSINDORF, where all one sees
Is wholly, typically, German,
Where stands on high o'er hills and trees
The statue of the mythic Hermann:

The whirl of London in our brains

We listened to the plashing fountain,

Admired the Schloss with sun-gilt vanes,

And climbed the pretty homely mountain;

We felt the fever and the fret
Give way beneath the peaceful quiet,
A moment envied those who let
The world alone, nor shared its riot.

Yet soon we heard from gossip tongues

Though skies were bluer, trees were greener,
Life's ladder has resemblant rungs,

The world was there, but somewhat meaner.

We saw Princesses, many a dame
Whom none had courage e'er to marry,
Poor, with Court Ladies all the same,
And Pages, who should fetch and carry.

Poor withered women! pacing down
The sunny streets, the princely pleasaunce,
While burgher ladies from the town
Make half-contemptuous obeisance,

'Twere kind to wish your ancient hearts,

To vellum turned, could feel no longer,

That memory had no piercing darts

From times when love and hope were stronger.

We leave you now, and gladly stir
In strenuous work, its taking, giving;
Pain to such peace we both prefer,
And death to life, if this were living.

#### HARTZREISE. I.

H, fairest day of summer weather! When you and I set out together, With hearts as light as eagle's feather, To trace our path through pines, o'er heather. We left Goslar's red roofs below. We climbed the hill-side all a-blow With fiery foxgloves' purple glow, And heard the mountain brooklets flow. This is the land whose ancient dreams Gave voice to brutes and tongues to streams; Here resting from the noontide beams. When driven out by stepdame schemes. A tired lad was fain to drink. But, as he bent towards the brink, The rippling rivers cried, "Beware! " Or wolf, or timid fawn, or bear, " Is he who sips this water fair." This is the land where Grisly Beard As beggar and as groom appeared, To tame his bride so proudly reared; I saw her very double sitting, 'Mid pots and pans and all things fitting, To-day in Wernigerode town.



This is the land Grimm handed down To us in tales of old renown: A wondrous land, where fair Princesses Kept geese and gathered water-cresses; A frog desired a maid's caresses, To see her bind at night her tresses, And even to taste her German messes! So Grimm and Cruikshank threw a glamour Which not the woodman's axe and hammer, Nor even mines' destructive clamour, Can take from out our souls: we went Up morning lawns with dew besprent, Lost, found our way, and, somewhat spent, Came out upon the forest glade Where, grand, the Brocken rears his head Above us, climbing towards the east: We passed where lies, like crouching beast, The Ouetschen Rock; then thunder breaking Rolled as if heaven and earth were shaking, And all the Brocken ghosts awaking. It ceased, and solemn stillness brooded On heathy slopes, so fairly wooded, And all with sunshine glory flooded. Here Heine clomb, to steep his pain In peace, then mock that peace again: Here Goethe brought to feast profane The creatures of his mighty brain. We could not stay 'mid pot-house revel Where once had danced the very devil: We could not brook each gesture civil, Each "Guten Tag," the perfumes evil;

Somewhere I've read, that if you banish A damned spirit, he will vanish With horrid scent: all now that tells Of fiends on Brocken is the smells. So we came down: a sinking sun Gilded the drops that one by one Dripped from the skirts of flying mist And all the tree-tops gently kissed. How we came down we hardly wist, 'Twas not the true path; far astray We struggled on our darkling way, By charcoal huts, with ruddy fire, Down timber tracks knee-deep in mire Yet feeling when we reached at last A roadside hostel, almost past All wants but that of utter rest. That all our day had been the best. And chance had made us fully blest, Had given our souls a newer birth, And freed us from the dust of earth.



#### HARTZREISE. II.

Through long flat fields of beet or waving corn, Leaving the hills we reached the hills again, And all the stretch of that great German plain Was steeped in sleepy haze of summer morn. Some might have called it dull, but as we went The air was full of roadside clover scent, The hills were ever in the distance, telling Of cooler breezes, and of fountains welling, With which at eventide we should be blest: And all things, even the railroad, spoke of rest, Strange are these old-world castles in the wold. That we have left, and this to which we came: Gone is the knight, and gone the gracious dame. Their hearts and memories alike are cold. One now is gay with carpets from Berlin; Workmen restore, destroy, 'tis all the same; And one, o'ergrown without, and chill within, Is yet in keeping with its ancient name, The Falcon-stone. It is in vain to pour New wine into old bottles, never more Can former manners dovetail into ours. Yet is the Past a well wherein to steep Our souls: and so, with newly quickened powers, We turn from mountain-side and castle-keep. Go back to live our lives as best we may. Sons of a peaceful, but more restless day.



#### MAGDEBURG TO KÖLN

THE quiet town, the forest walks, The friends we met, what could be better? The frankness of our happy talks, When, unexpected, came a letter, Which "broke our fair companionship," And called me off at once to Paris. A kindly word from every lip, Hand clasped with hand of him who tarries. Good-bye, my friend! when next we meet How much will come to mar our pleasure,-The busy noises of the street, Exhausting work, and want of leisure. To me this rest has all been gain, A joyous time, "ubique, semper," Up-hill, down-dale, in sun or rain, You never once were out of temper. Whether we saw but hills and trees. Or some quaint touch of German manners, You always were the first to seize On what best suited tourist-flaneurs: And while we wandered as we list We touched each subject gravely, gaily;



You call yourself "Indifferentist," And I grow more a Comtist daily. You are conservative in name. I somewhat social democratic. And yet our views were much the same Of men and things, from floor to attic. I think, my friend, we both shall find This lazy change from London hurry Has shaken dust from lungs and mind, And braced us up for work and worry. Once said a pious dame to me, " May all your nights have peaceful sleeping, May peace with all your waking be, God have you in his holy keeping!" The words may well be not the same With which we part, and yet, I wonder, When each for each would wishes frame, Would the thought prove so far asunder?

1878.



В

#### BARBISON

THIS is the Forest of Fontainebleau:
Alleys where green leaves linger yet
Catch the lights as they come and go;
Bark of birch shines out as snow,
Against red wild cherries and rocks like jet:
Fair is the Forest of Fontainebleau.

Fair was the Forest of Fontainebleau
When Diane of Poictiers hunted here;
Art has feigned her on foot with bow,
But she rode a swift-paced jennet, I trow,
To follow the hounds that pulled down the deer
In her lover's Forest of Fontainebleau.

How still is the Forest of Fontainebleau!

Hushed is the sound of the hunter's horn;
Only the leaves which the breezes strow
Gently rustle our feet below,

Down the forest this autumn morn,
Down the fair Forest of Fontainebleau.



To-day in the Forest of Fontainebleau

The past is naught and the future vain:
The years will come, with their ebb and flow,
But whether they bring us joy or woe,
To-day is sunshine—to live is gain,
In the fair still Forest of Fontainebleau.

#### EASTER IN FRANCE

PERCHANCE I dream; or have we gone Through Picardy and broad Champagne? Five friends, our five days' wandering done, Our faces set for home again.

Surely a dream: that evening fire
That lighted Amiens' sculptured west,
And touched with glory coign and spire,
Flames but in islands of the blest.

Noyon: the old-world houses round

The grey church, every buttress fair

And soaring arch with wall-flower crowned,

The library, the gracious Maire;

And Laon high-throned above the vale,
Wind-smitten towers and rampart steep,
These must be memories of a tale
Read long ago, recalled in sleep.

The organ tones, the shrilling strings,
The golden copes, the incense cloud,
At Rheims the gifts of murdered kings,
The lifted Host, the people bowed,



Once more a dream; for faith has ceased, And like an echo faint and far The creeds, the mass, the chanting priest All were, but yield to things that are.

And so five days, 'neath summer skies

Ere summer came, we five have sped..

Say shall we wake more sad, more wise,

Nor e'er recall the visions fled?

No, they were real; the merry jest,

The banter free, the courteous wish
Of each to yield, the sense of rest,

The enjoyment of each simple dish,

Were merely human; things of earth, No heavenly visions of the night; Emotion touched with harmless mirth Made all the journey pure delight.

Bright days! bright scenes! I think that each
Made friendlier who were friends before;
Ah! guard their memory till we reach
The land where laughter is no more.



#### AT ARUNDEL

Good Friday

"HO! ye that pass so carelessly,
Was ever sorrow like to mine?"
Such were the words they sang to me
In that new-gothic, wind-beat shrine
Where the South Downs o'erlook the sea.

If thou wert God, pale dying Christ,
And all of knowledge in thee dwelt,
'Twere nought to keep that bitter tryst,
'Twere nought that anguish to have felt;
The gain to man had sure sufficed.

Pale dying Christ, if thou wert man,
I trow that other men have died,
Red rills of blood for ages ran
Long ere the spear-thrust gashed thy side;
Woe ends not here, nor here began.

Human, divine, then, very type
Of all the sons who suffer wrong—
Her sons, who when the times are ripe
Shall be acknowledged great and strong,—
That bear the spitting, shame, and stripe.



Mother and Mistress, in thine own
Wounded, and dimly understood,
Oh, bow thee from thine ancient throne,
Bow down and show us all thy good,
Before our days of life are flown!

In thee all gain, in thee all loss,
All woe, all joy in thee are found;
The bitter sufferings of the Cross,
The triumphs of the dead unbound;
The sum of human life, in gross.

Mother of millions! Life and death
Are both within thy fruitful womb;
If Christ must die, yet manhood's breath
Arises living from the tomb;
Though Christ be dead, great Mother come!



#### A PORTRAIT OF LEO XIII

In a Bishop's Ante-Room

HITE robe, pale face, set lips, and smiling eyes,
Gentle yet stern, gaze from the wall above;
The hands are hidden, on the heart there lies
A Cross, dread sign of agony and love.
Would the heart stir, or would the still hands rise
To bless one coming from these northern skies
Faithless, world-weary, caring not to move,.
Seeking no goal, yet in a pilgrim's guise?
Each dusty atom of a general whole
Were naught to one with worlds upon his head,
Atlas of Churches, saint yet finite soul.
Even while I stand the more those lips grow dumb,
I turn me from the living to the dead,
And dead Christ's image seems to beckon "Come."



#### AT COMPIÈGNE

REEN leaves a-tremble shine as gems
Against white walls and summer sky,
And cowslips fringe the meadow hems,
The finches sing, the cuckoos cry.

We pass where late a bastard, crowned, Aped manners of imperial state; We pass where once the fortress frowned With moated wall, with guarded gate,

Renewed and smooth, a toy, a whim Of a great lady, now brought low, We pass by other towers grim In ruin, yet the wall-flowers blow,

And fill each cranny with their light,

A sacrament of future peace:

In many a church we hear the trite

Bland message that all sin may cease,

And in our joyous pilgrimage
Scarce mark the tidings, all is fair;
Sin, tyranny, war, want, and rage
Seem things that are not, if they were.



We five renew the joyous hours
Of four years since, what time we came
Then when the spring first brake in flowers,
In friendship, kindness, glee the same.

Now one was with us for a while
Who flashed upon our path and went,
A gentle voice, a gracious smile,
And courtesies of sweet content.

'Twas yesterday we roamed the woods
And pulled Lent lilies where they grew,
To give in England next their buds,
Lend English gardens next their hue.

Ah, friends! the touch of added days Is heavy, and perhaps no more We six may thread the forest ways, We six may seek a foreign shore.

Hands loose their clasp and friends must part, Eyes cease to mirror each fair scene, We'll place them in our inmost heart, And keep their memories freshly green.

#### ON THE MEUSE -

ONCE more we keep our Easter tryst;
Not now by banks of l'Oise and l'Aisne
Not where the pallid carven Christ
Looks out from Laon o'er all the plain.

For us the opal waves of Lesse,
Of Meuse, sweep round the marble hills;
Boon Nature dons her earliest dress
In secret nooks by Wallon rills.

Namur: bright sun and eager air:
What comic, tragic, memories rise!
Wounded was Uncle Toby there,
There John of Austria poisoned lies.

Some would at early morning wake, To visit on the steep hill-side The castle of the hearts that brake, The widows who so chastely died.

There were who saw a magic barque, In caverns of a fairy land, Float as on air from out the dark, To bear us back to earthly strand. Again we joined in that old town,
So full of memories of battle,
Where Louis from the walls looked down,
Where Marlborough made the fortress rattle.

In homely Han, in proud Rochefort.
In grey Dinant, in blithe Courtrai,
Each chant, each hymn, each anthem bore
The tale of spring and Easter Day.

In Courtrai pealed the Angelus
Above the revel of the fair.
The solemn music said to us,
"The Church has rest, the world has care."

We turn to live our lives again
In you great hive of toil and riot,
This travel will not be in vain,
This little space of mirth and quiet.

For, like the Angelus, will ring
In all our hearts the memory
Of how we went to meet the spring
In those fair lands across the sea.



# FROM ONE AT BOURNEMOUTH TO FIVE IN FRANCE

Strike and blow white you ilex tree
That mocks above the sullen sand
The olives of a warmer land;
I, pacing by this streamlet mouth,
Think on my comrades speeding south.

Sad fate detains me here, while you As ever to your tryst are true:
Blame not the laggard, for his will
Is better than his power or skill;
No further can his feet advance,
His soul goes forth to you in France.

I trust the sun is shining fair
On red-tiled roofs in bright Auxerre;
Reflects St. Étienne through the trees,
St. Eusèbes' flying buttresses,
Woos tender buds to break their sheath,
While Yonne flows slowly underneath.



Methinks I hear you speak of him Who wove for us the legend dim Of that belated pagan, hurled Into a stern, sad, Christian world, "Imaginary Portrait," far More living than real people are.

Or Sens recalls the tale divine
Of that high Saint, whose English shrine
Ablaze with gems Erasmus saw,
While Rome to England gave the law;
Or think you on that distant day
Crusades were preached at Vezelay.

Mark how the wind is howling! higher, Heap higher yet, the sea-coal fire. Are you chill on those central plains? Wood logs and wine warm they your veins; Or would you change those sprouting vines For these wind-sown, contorted pines?

Come back, and tell your tale to me, A prisoner by this island sea! And if one thought have while you roam Flown like a dove to him at home, He, that you missed him, counts it gain, For nought is lost if love remain.



#### AN ASPIRATION

OH for the touch of that stern discipline
Which erst was wont to warn the peccant soul,
Astray through lust, or pride, or hate, or wine,
Scourged and then cleansed, howe'er incarnadine
The stains, and ransomed, great howe'er the toll:
Though man had fed on husks among the swine,
Though world and flesh and devil should combine,
One act of penance might all these control.

Ah, God! we call us free; freedom is loss,
And service perfect freedom. Let us serve
Shackled in hand and foot, lest e'er we swerve
Self-willed in those sweet devious ways of wrong,
Fast bound fast found with painful nail and thong,
As Christ was fettered to the saving cross.

#### IN BURGUNDY

STREAMS with blue ripple flashing in the sun,
Sweet-scented poplars clad in early green,
Scarped limestone cliffs, o'er plains where war has
been,

Where stout Burgundian strove with fiery Hun,
And Norman with Burgundian; rest being won,
Old towns received us, where the church at e'en
Rang out carillon to the stars serene,
To tell-good Catholics that Lent was done.

We left in England all its toil and fret,

Yet each from England took a kindly heart,

Smile answered smile, as jest flashed out from lip,

These are the things we never can forget,

Though for twelve moons our paths may lie apart,

These were the joys of our companionship.



#### THE END OF WANDERING

EXCEPT in thee I find no resting-place;
Except in thee I find no help from sin:
Beauteous thou art without, beauteous within,
Mistress of virtue, channel of all grace.
Through clouds for many years I saw thy face,
And heard thy gentle voice that strove to win
Thine erring son, but sounded faint and thin,
As his who calls from topmost cliff to base.

I turned, self-willed, to walk in pathways drear,
Now dark, now led by gleams, and yet the while
I climbed unknowing; all at once is clear,
My Mother meets me with her gentle smile:
"I watched thee long, my son, I bade thee come.
Here is thy rest, and here thine only home."

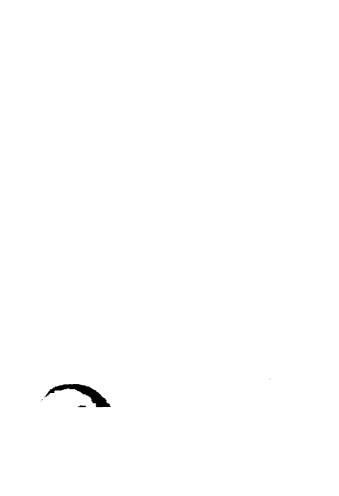


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### VERSES AND TRANSLATIONS



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#### HAYTIME

In the merry haytime
We raked side by side;
He asked—" After harvest
Wilt thou be my bride?"
And my girl's heart bounded.
Oh, the hours 'neath the lime
When the day's work was ended,
In the merry haytime!

In the sad haytime
I sit in the grass,
The scythe whistles blythe,
And the merry mowers pass,
But he comes never.
'Neath the churchyard lime
Is a long low hillock
Since last haytime.

#### THE RECRUIT

AINT, blown by winds o'er half the world,
The sound is heard of rolling drum,
And clash of steel and flag unfurled,
Are fancy-mixed with sylvan hum:
Then stung by hope of martial joy,
Which all but cowards once may know,
A young recruit, the shepherd-boy,
Has left the folds to face the foe.

Now on the bare and trampled hill,

He, dying, lies among the dead;

The roar is hushed, the drum is still,

The day is won, the foe has fled:

Yet fancy holds her place again,

His wounds are numb, he hears in dream

The sheep-bells chime, the rumbling wain,

The murmur of the hillside stream.

And when at eve his comrades come

To delve a shallow nameless grave,

When fife's keen dirge and muffled drum

Peal forth a requiem o'er the brave;

Few nobler bosoms there are cold,
Few manlier pulses laid to sleep,
Than that young peasant's of the wold,
Who came from following the sheep.



#### TO M. T.

Aged 81

HAT do men mean in saying they are old,
That flesh is feeble, or that spirit fails,
That o'er the fire they shrink from winter gales,
Or that the heart and memories are cold;
That the Good Shepherd brings us near His fold,
Or that we gaze behind the prison rails
Back on the past, and utter idle wails
For all earth's glitter, which we took for gold?

You have grown old, if we must count by days;
You still are young, for Time is naught but seeming.
Limbs may grow old, but hearts in quick amaze
Can tell the weary limbs they are but dreaming.
What do we care for seasons when life's sun
Has all its summer warmth at eighty-one?



# IN A GARDEN: TO A FRIEND BY THE SEA

RIEND, what has come between us? Here I lie,
This volume of your poems in my hand;
The beeches, pines, dark yews that round me stand,
The bold chalk bluff that cuts the summer sky,
The box-tree grove, where often you and I
Have wandered, speak of you; yet did the strand
Change to this garden, then I know the brand
Of your keen words would flash, hard grow your eye.

Friend, what has come between us? Could you see
My heart laid open, you would only find
Love, loyal admiration, true regret,
That aught of me, unknown, your soul can fret,
That dust impalpable an eye can blind
That used to brighten when it flashed on me.



#### TO TERESA

With a volume of collected "Sacred Lyrics."

ONE has striven here to bind Sweetest blooms of varied kind, Thoughts of many a human soul Tending to an unseen goal.

This same sends the book to you, Child! whose eyes of vivid blue Ne'er have looked beyond the earth, Home to you of love and mirth.

But the hours will surely bring Much of restless questioning, After That which is not we, More than man can hear or see.

If the weight of added years
Cause your spirit doubts or fears,
Hence, to soothe, a note may chime
From some old religious rime.



Child! if rapt ecstatic visions, Fairer far than earth's fruitions, Ere be yours, as long since were Hers whose sainted name you bear:

Here are songs of souls on fire— Joining songs of Heaven's choir— Saints and priests who deemed they trod Altar steps which lead to God.

If a sterner, colder faith
Guide your path through life to death,
Songs of peace are also won
By simple duties nobly done.

If the creed of yet a few—
If their trust's enough for you—
One who died but late has writ
Fitting song to herald it.

Take it, take the others: who Dares decide which creed is true? All can share then in the strife, All can aid us "live the life."

Bluest eyes may lose their lustre, Golden curls less thickly cluster; Only high ideals lend Strength and beauty to the end.

# ON READING DANTE IN A TIME OF TROUBLE

ABOVE the turmoil, where the tourist clown
Gapes at swinked athletes tumbling on the strand,
Above the dens where tempt on either hand
The sins of lust and drink, I seek the down,
The heath, the bracken with its golden brown;
I see the blue waves break against the sand,
The sails, the pennons by the breezes fanned,
And seeing these I can forget the town.

Lying, oppressed with more than wonted care,
Dread Seer of Florence, now I turn thy page;
The deeds, the thoughts of thy mysterious age
Breathe on me like a gust of liberal air;
Awhile from sordid sorrow am I free,
I, who have lived a week in hell, like thee.



#### SHAKSPERE

OULDST know the world and all that it contains,
The human race, self-centred, self-endowed,
Seen as it is against no fancied cloud
Tipped with heaven's sunlight, lurid with hell stains?
Be Shakspere thine interpreter: the pains,
The fears, the joys of life, the pæans loud,
The bitter wail, the bride-dress, and the shroud,
He shows thee all, the losses and the gains.

And as a child, who clasps a father's hand
Amid the tumult of the city street,
Hears ill words, sees vile faces, yet can stand
Unharmed; so led by Shakspere thou wilt meet
All human characters, a motley band,
And yet learn only what is pure and sweet.

#### AN INCIDENT

A THRUSH had strayed within the church at morn,
And beat her breast-against the window-pane,
Then fluttered down the nave and back again,
With beak agape, wings weary, feathers torn.
The Sanctus sounded, but the mind was torn
From the great act; the sweet orchestral strain
Less seemed to fill the hushed expectant fane
Than the still anguish of that bird forlorn.

At eve, imprisoned still, the altar lights

Were struck to darkness by her quivering wings,

Sweeping the great glass lustres, blue and red

Flashed from the prisms, while the solemn rites

Proceeded, incense clouds and vibrant strings,

And at the priest's feet fell the prisoner—dead.

### TO THE GLORIOUS SAINT MICHAEL, ARCHANGEL

**TARDER** of Brittany! We, singing Litany, Strew fresh-culled flowers: St. Michael covering Us with wings hovering, Put forth thy powers.

Bitter and sweet it is, And very meet it is Of thee to speak; For thou art glorious, O'er sin victorious. And we are weak.

Take, Saint compassionate. This heart, and fashion it As pure as thine: There is no rarity In thy bright charity Of fire divine. D Angel of human heart,
Man thou and woman art,
In thy strong love:
Though strait the portal is,
Open the fortalice
Of heaven above.

#### STONYHURST

The thought in this Sonnet was borrowed from a speech by the late Rev. J. Austen Leigh. With him Winchester was Editio princeps, Eton Editio altera.

INCHESTER, Eton, each is like a book,
Full of fair thoughts, but scored across the page
Are foreign matters, words of hate and rage,
Heresies, false philosophies that look
Much as the text at first, but ill we brook
Interpolations of a baser age.
Editiones primæ, glad the sage
Who counts his folios in his study nook.

But Stonyhurst, meseems, has higher glory,
Unspotted treasury of purest lore;
No heresy has marred her fair writ story;
They may be first, the newer school is more,
And though it claim no age with lichen hoary,
Editio altera, emendatior.

# FOR A RECITAL OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI'S "MASQUE OF THE MONTHS"

PASSES the Pageant of the Months, but she
From months, the measure of our time, is free;
No more her eyes will see the tender stir
Of breaking earth: O earth, lie light on her!
She, like a modest flower that shrank from praise,
Breathes dewy freshness on our arid ways.
We give this outward show to her sweet verse,
And lay our fairest garlands on her herse.

#### TO E. L.

With a copy of Pascal's "Thoughts."

In memory of a brave true soul:

It soothes my passage to the end,

That, when my life was bright and whole,

He did not scorn to call me friend.

Another too I loved whose blood
Was yours, who always trusted him,
And when his life ran yet at flood
Was called within death's portal dim.

Years hence may those who knew you say
Time gently on her always smiled,
Leaving sweet thoughts behind, as they
Who named you niece, who named you child.

#### TO TERESA

With a copy of Pascal's "Thoughts."

N O strife of tongues or creeds, no vain regret
For bright days wasted, powers unemployed,
Are yours, dear child; you have not felt the void
Open beneath your feet; the wear and fret
Of the world touch you not; your thoughts are set
On childish pleasures and on homely things.
Ah! who would wish to clip your sportive wings?
Pascal's stern words concern you not—as yet.

But if the sky grow dark, if doubt

Rise in the dim unknown of years to be

To check your joy; if life grow grey and cold,

Then, though each soul must work its problems out,

It yet may aid you in that task to see

How this man solved them in the time of old.

#### MIGNON'S SONG

FROM GOETHE.

KNOW'ST thou the land, far off, where citrons grow,
Gold oranges in dusky leafage glow,
Soft breathes the wind beneath a bluer sky,
The myrtle moveless stands, the laurel high?
Know'st thou the land? for there, ah! there
Would I with thee, O my beloved, fare.

Know'st thou the house whose roofs on pillars rest,
Its chambers dim, its halls so brightly dressed,
Where marble figures stand and look at me?
Ah! thou, poor child, what they have done to thee!
Know'st thou the house? for there, ah! there
Would I with thee, O my protector, fare.

Know'st thou the hill, the path within the mist,
Where scarce the mule in cloud his track has wist?
In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood,
There falls the rock, and over it the flood.

Know'st thou the hill? for there, ah! there
Leads on our path; O father, let us fare.

#### **PROMETHEUS**

FROM GOETHE

ENVEIL thine heaven, Zeus, with vaporous cloud,
And practise, like a boy beheading thistles,
On oaks and mountain summits;
Yet must thou let my earth alone to stand,
And these my dwellings, which thou didst not build,
And these my flocks, for whose bright glow
Thou enviest me.

I know not aught more wretched
Beneath the sun than you, ye Gods!
Who nourish piteously,
With tax of sacrifice and reek of prayer, your glory
Would starve, if children were not yet, and suppliants,
So full of hope—and fools.

When I was young, and knew not whence nor whither, Sunwards I used to turn my dazzled eyes, As if above me were, An ear to listen to my crying, A heart, like mine, to pity those oppressed. Who aided me against the Titans' arrogance?
Who rescued me from death, from slavery?
'Tis thou alone hast wrought it all, thou holy, glowing heart:

Thou didst grow young and fresh, though cheated; thanks for saving That slumb'ring one above.

Why should I honour thee?

Hast thou e'er lightened the woes of the laden ones

Hast thou e'er dried the tears of the sorrowful?

It was not thou who welded me to manhood,

But Time the almighty, Fate the everlasting,

My Lords and thine.

Dost fondly fancy I shall hate my life
And hie me to the waste, because not all
My blossom dreams bear fruit?
Here sit I framing manhood in my image,
A race resembling me
To sorrow and to weep,
To taste, to hold, to enjoy,
And not take heed of thee, as I.

### THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR

FROM HEINE

I

BY the window stood the mother, In bed her first-born lay: "Comes the procession, William; Canst not arise to-day?"

"I am so sick, my mother,
I cannot hear or see;
I think on my dead Gretchen;
My heart is sore in me."

"Rise up, we will to Kevlaar;
Now take thy book and beads;
God's Mother give thee healing,
Though sore thy heart's wound bleeds!

The Church's banners fluttered, Uprose the Church's song, At Köln upon the Rhine stream The pageant moved along. Went with the crowd the mother, Her son's thin hand held she, And both in chorus chanted "Sweet Mary, praise to thee."

п

The Mother of God at Kevlaar Is dressed in her finest cloak, To-day she is full of business, Come so many ailing folk.

The ailing folk are bringing

To her, as offerings meet,

Limbs that are wrought in waxwork,

Many waxen hands and feet.

Whoever offers a wax hand His wounded hand is sound, Whoever offers a wax foot Can put his foot to the ground.

Went many to Kevlaar on crutches Who dance on a rope with a pole, And many can play the fiddle Whose finger hence was whole:

The mother took a wax-light,
And out of it moulded a heart;
"Take that to God's dear Mother,
Will heal thee all thy smart."

He sighed as he took the wax heart, Sighed at the image there, Tears from his eyes were falling, Fell from his heart the prayer:

"O blessed above all women!
O Queen of Heaven's throne!
God's pure and holy maiden,
To thee my woe is known!

"I dwelt beside my mother At Köln upon the Rhine, The town with hundred churches, And each with many a shrine;

"And hard by us lived Gretchen,
Who lies in churchyard ground—
Take thou this wax heart, Mary,
And heal my heart's sore wound!

"Heal thou my heart sore wounded!

Each night and day shall be

From prayer and song ascending,

Sweet Mary, praise to thee."

111

The sick son and his mother
Slept in a little room,
There came God's Mother gliding
So gently through the gloom.

She bowed above the sick one,
And laid quite silently
Her hand upon his bosom,
And a gentle laugh laughed she.

And in a dream the mother Saw all, nor yet was afraid, She started up from slumber, For loud the watch-dog bayed.

And there lay stark and rigid Her son, and he was dead; On his pale cheek was playing The early morning red.

Folding her hands together,
Nor why, nor how knew she,
The grateful mother murmured
"Sweet Mary, praise to thee."



### VOR JENA

DRÈVES

N the fast hills the castles,
The stream in its gleaming,
In the city the pretty
Girls all as before.
Ye near ones and dear ones,
Where are you, so far now,
True friends to the end, though
I see you no more?

Some once cheerful, now tearful, Some shattered and scattered, Yet more are vexed sore With Time's ebb and flow; Lives unfriended have ended, For death with cold breath Blows asunder, draws under From joy and from woe.

I only, and lonely, Look again, and in vain, At the stream with its gleaming With sorrowful eye;



# VOR JENA

A linden the wind in Strews leaves as it grieves For the praise of past days, And I only know why.

E

#### HORACE, BOOK III. ODE 11

ERCURY, Amphion's song, Caught from thee, led rocks along; Harp, that through the temple throng Seven notes canst send, And where rich men feast; no pleasure Once was thine, nor lyric treasure. Hast for Lyde ne'er a measure Stubborn ears to bend? As a filly no pursuer On the wide meads lets come to her, So she scorns each wanton wooer. Yet too young to wed. Thou canst tigers lead and woods, Stay the rush of rapid floods. Dost thou soothe? in wildest moods Cerberus hangs his head; Warder of the halls of death, Hundred snakes his head ensheath, Gouts of gore defile his breath, Triple-tongued his mouth. If thy sound their pains beguile, Grim Ixion, Tityos smile,

Danaus' daughters' urn the while Knows unwonted drouth. Tell to Lvde what their sin. What the recompense they win, Vainly pouring waters in. Leaking still away. Vengeance comes, if slow her speed; Ne'er did women fiercer deed; Stabbed to death, each spouse must bleed On his marriage-day. One of all was worth to bear Nuptial torch (her glory fair Shines through time), who falsely sware To her perjured sire. "Rise!" she called her youthful groom, "Rise! or thine the unlooked-for tomb. Flee my father, flee the doom From my sisters' ire! As the calves the lion whelps, they Tear each one, alas! her prey: Gentler, I will neither slav Thee nor hold in ward. Though my cruel father chain, Though he send across the main To the far Numidian plain. Me who spared my lord. Go where breezes, love, and night-Joy go with thee !- bear thy flight. Be my story graved aright On some votive stone."

### QUIS CUSTODIET?

OH hard the task if upward leading
The feet of others o'er the hill
With thorns and flints our own are bleeding;
If faints the heart and dies the will.

And harder still in life's temptation

To tend when most we need a shield,
Ourselves oppressed by tribulation,

To strengthen others not to yield.

But useless all, in ease and pleasure

To point towards the mountain's head,
And careless in the valley's leisure

Show others paths we dare not tread.



# ON THE DISSOLUTION OF "THE FREE CHRISTIAN UNION"

I T was a dream, to bind in one
The scattered family of God,
And bring in one broad path to run
The separate tracks the Churches trod;
To break the "cords that strain and bind
The wounded conscience till it bleeds,"
And show that Truth was ne'er confined
Within the bounds of dying creeds.

We wake—have failed—for here, may be,
Was danger what we strove to slay
Would find revival; even we
Might hold we had the only way.
Alone, or in some scanty band,
We seek to climb the mountain brow,
In union on the peak to stand,
Where paths converge, so different now.

#### TO T. G.

With a copy of "The Imitation."

WHAT the message angels bring?
"Christ was born to-day, a King."
King forsooth! in cattle byre,
All the ways trod down to mire.
Where the crown, and where the throne?
This the King that angels own?

Yes: since parents first were glad At the birth of lass or lad, King nor Kaiser never sees Fairer throne than mothers' knees, And of all creation's ring, Man, because man, is the king.

What the message angels gave When the women sought the grave? "Seek Him not beyond the prison; To the Father Christ hath risen." Risen! what is heaven? where? On the earth, or in the air?



Tuck of trumpet, pulse of drum
Sound when earthly monarchs come,
All the world may see their place;
But the risen Lord of Grace
Makes a heaven and dwells apart,
Throned in every humble heart.

Once on Mother's knees, a Queen, Thou an infant throned hast been— Queen because of human blood, Kin to Christ, who died on Rood, Live a Queen o'er hearts of men, Blessing those who bless again.

Imitate the Christ, who came, Tender infant, free from blame— Imitate the Christ, who trod Stony paths through love of God— Imitate the Christ, and win Peace on earth and heaven within.

1887

#### A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

CHRIST, who a man wert born,
Enduring shame and scorn,
And died upon the tree
For me, and such as me.

How strange it seems that I— Watching these embers die, While, outside, fog and sleet Fill all the dreary street—

That I to comfort cling, While Thou, my God and King, Couldst only lay Thine head In a poor cattle shed!

Give me more self-denial, How sharp soe'er the trial: All that I count as mine Is Thine, and only Thine.

Let me not please myself, Sit loose to ease and pelf, Taste only pleasure's cup As glad to give it up.



I hold my life in fee, O Christ my Lord, for Thee: Take it when, how, Thou wilt, Whose Blood for me was spilt.

In cradle and on cross—
Mine the gain, Thine the loss—
I find love's miracle
That frees my soul from hell.

Make me Thine, only Thine, Be mine; nor only mine, We need Thee one and all. Christ hear us when we call.

#### LIGHT IN DARKNESS

"We long to put the extinguisher down on life, and feel the first grand rush of darkness on the spirit."—F. W. ROBERTSON.

NE said, a moment surely comes to all Wherein the spirit longed to take her flight Into the vast, and feel the rush of night Encompass her, then, free from earthly thrall, She would not seek, nor strive, nor vainly call As does a child waking in sudden fright, Who finds no succouring hand, no friendly light, Nor beat on darkness as against a wall.

Thou art the Light, O God! and if I close
My eyes, it is not that the light is gone,
But that myself am dark, and am as those
Who seeing see not; suffering alone,
I am the likest Thee, who, on the tree,
Suffered alone: help me to bear for Thee.

April 1896.



#### IN SPRING

And found some respite: I admired the trees
Shaking their snowy blossom on the breese,
Heard the gay thrush, and rooks, whose voices rough,
In quarrel over bits of garden stuff,
Sounded to me like childhood's melodies,
And brought the memory of country leas
And grove of elms beneath a sea-beat bluff.

Yet once again pain grips me as a foe:

Oh, grant me, Lord, to suffer and be still;

The country I would think on is the hill

Of Calvary; and may I only know

My crucifix and learn Thy gracious will,

All spring-tide sights and sounds I could forge.

#### EX CRUCE N. D.

HEN suffering, I put out my hand and take
The blessed fragment of the very Tree
Whereon He deigned to suffer. If it be
His will, let me too suffer without break.
I am ashamed that all the time I wake
Is spent in moaning for my pain, when He,
Extended through those hours of agony,
But seven words, and all for others, spake.

Oh, by the wounds that drained Thy sacred Blood!
Oh, by the shelter in Thy piercèd side,
Wherein I seek to nestle and abide!
Oh, by the Cross that held the body of God,
So shed Thy grace on me that I may gain
Some of Thy patience in Thy bitter pain.

April 1896.

#### "UNDER THE SAME CONDEMNATION"

HEN Thou didst suffer, Lord, two thieves were by;
The Roman soldiers thought Thee much the same;

They knew not, Son of God, Thine awful name, How Thou didst put aside Thy Majesty.

One thief denied Thee, and Thy latest sigh Forgave the penitent who bare Thy shame Confessing Thee: this was his only claim;

For his bad life he was content to die.

"To-day shalt thou join me in Paradise!"
He bore his Purgatory on the Cross.
May my pains too avail, and may I rise
With Thee in Easter glory; but if loss
Be mine for sin, yet join my pains at least
To Thine, that some day I may keep the Feast.

#### AN OBLATION

I ORD, I offer Thee myself,
Little worth the having;
Yet of e'en the meanest pelf
Thou dost will the saving.
Take me, broken, used, and worn,
Shapeless, sordid, battered;
Thou alone wilt never scorn
What my sin has shattered.
Thou alone wilt ever tend
All the broken pieces;
What Thou findest Thou caust mend,
For Thy name is Jesus.

## PENITENCE

OD give me rain of penitential tears,
Blot out my sin and wash away my fears:
Thy waves and storms are passing over me;
I clasp a rock, if I but cling to Thee.

#### FREEDOM

AH, Christ! if there were no hereafter, It still were best to follow Thee: Tears are a nobler gift than laughter; Who wears Thy yoke alone is free.



#### AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

LORD, I believe! help Thou mine unbelief!
Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see,
Sense fails, and flesh is weary of my grief;
Yet Thou didst suffer, Jesus, more for me.

Day dawns, and water from Thy side, my God, Silvers the heaven before the rushing sun; Day wanes: the clouds are tinctured in Thy Blood; Both in Thy chalice mix and are but one.

True Sun that never sets, shine on my soul;
Rock in the Desert, lave me in Thy stream,
And, as the healing waters o'er me roll,
Make me to know my unbelief a dream.

# GENESIS XXIL 13

"A MONGST the briers:" and His Head was crowned With thorns, with diamond tears, with emerald leaves,

Red drops as rubies stood in every wound,

Such is the mystic garland sorrow weaves.

"Amongst the briers," where birds wont to rustle,
Was heard the beating of His sacred Heart,
Seen the long anguish of each tortured muscle
Rending the body and the life apart.

O crowned Lamb! entangled in the brier,
O heart of Jesus! pierced with many a thorn,
True Isaac offered to the Eternal Sire,
Plead for me, Lord, upon Thy hill of scorn!



#### "ADORO TE DEVOTE"

ST. THOMAS AQUIMAS

OD that here art hidden, I adore and hail,

That art wont to hide Thee 'neath these symbols'

veil;

Towards Thee bowed and humble goes out all my heart, Thought and reason may not see Thee as Thou art.

Seeing, tasting, touching are in Thee deceived,
And alone the hearing safely is believed:
All the Son of God said I accept and hold,
Truest truth that must be which the Truth has told.

Once 'twas Godhead only hidden on the Tree, Now the Manhood also is not here to see; Both I now believe, and, vowing my belief, Seek I what of old sought the repentant thief.

On Thy wounds, like Thomas, though I do not gaze, Yet, my Lord, I know Thee, and confess always; Give me in Thee ever faith all faiths above, Give me hope increasing, give me greater love. O Thou high memorial of my Lord who died, Living Bread for mortals Thou dost life provide; Grant through Thee my soul's life never more may waste Give in it Thy savour sweetly to my taste.

O Thou loving Pelican, Jesus, Lord and God, Cleanse me the uncleanly through Thy sacred Blood; One drop, and one only, might avail to win Pardon, full, abounding, for the whole world's sin.

Jesu, whom thus dimly under veils I see, Grant the boon I thirst for, grant my prayer to me, That, veils rent asunder, I may see by Grace, Glad for aye, the glory of Thy very Face.

## "O DEUS, EGO AMO TE"

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER

GOD, my love is fixed on Thee But not because Thou savest me. Nor because those that love not Thee Must burn in hell eternally. Thou, Thou, my Jesu, wholly me Embracedst on the bitter tree. The nails, the spear-thrust Thou hast borne. The spitting and the cries of scorn, Sharp pain and bloody sweat: With tears Thine eyes were wet; Thou sufferedst death, and all for me, A sinner doomed to misery. My heart must surely rest on Thee, O loving Jesu, lovingly; Not that in heaven Thou savest me. Nor lest in hell Thou whelmest me. Nor for reward so full and free. But as of old Thou lovedst me, So love I, so will I love Thee. Only myself to Thee I bring, Because Thou art my God and King.

#### "LAUDA SION"

FROM ST. THOMAS AQUINAS

PRAISE thy Saviour, Sion, praise Him; Saviour, Leader, Shepherd, raise Him Shouts of joy in hymn and song. If thou canst aught, let us know it, Greater He than praise can show it, None to praise aright is strong.

Such a theme to-day is given,
Living Bread, the Bread from heaven,
Bread of Life for mortals found;
Proffered in no doubtful fashion,
At the board before His Passion,
When the Twelve were seated round.

Be the praises full, sonorous;
Jubilant, and yet decorous,
Be the joy of every heart;
Since that solemn day we mention,
When the great Feast's first intention
In this rite was set apart.

On the new King's banquet couches New Pasch, that new laws avouches, The old order puts to flight; Now the worn-out yields to newer, Rays of truth make shadows fewer, And the day disperses night.

What the Christ did in bread-breaking, "That do ye," He said in taking
Bread, "for My memorial."
Thus taught, we by consecration
Set apart for our salvation
Bread and wine, the Host for all.

Christian dogma never falters,
Bread is made Flesh on our altars,
And the wine is made His Blood,
Spite of touching, spite of seeing,
Though beyond all laws of being,
Faith will hold this teaching good.

Under signs which He has bidden,
Things most excellent are hidden,
Hidden only 'neath the sign.
Flesh and Blood, our food provided;
Christ is whole and undivided
Under forms of bread and wine.

Ne'er dismembers Him who takes Him, Never sunders, never breaks Him, Him entire each taker gains. Crowds receive Him, one receives Him, As each takes Him, each so leaves Him, All is taken, all remains.

Good men take Him, take Him evil, Yet, to them, states how unlevel For His life or death to each; Life to good men, death to sinners, Ah! when all are like beginners, How the ends asunder reach!

When the Sacrament is broken,
Waver not, for He has spoken,
All is in each fragment token
Which was covered by the one.
Of the substance is no tearing,
Only of the sign is wearing,
Not the stature nor the bearing
Of the signified is gone.

Lo! the Bread of Angels holy
Made the food of travellers lowly,
Bread for children, children solely,
Not for dogs beneath the board.
This in figures was fore-dated,
This with Isaac immolated,
Paschal victim consecrated,
Manna for the fathers stored.

O Good Shepherd, Bread of Heaven, Jesus, purge the evil leaven: Feed us, guard us, all forgiven,
Show us good from morn to even
While on earth we live and move.
In Thy strength, oh! make us stable,
Feed us who alone art able,
Make us partners at Thy Table,
Heirs and sheltered 'neath the gable
Of the Home of Saints above.

#### "STABAT MATER DOLOROSA"

From Jacopone di Todi

BY the Cross of Jesus dying,
Stood the mournful Mother, crying,
While her Son was hanging there;
For her soul was full of groaning,
Anguish, and of bitter moaning,
And her heart the sword-thrusts bare.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, the Mother blessed
Of the Sole Begotten One!
How she grieved, fond Mother, seeing
All the pains that He was dreeing,
He, the Christ, her glorious Son.

Lives there any so untender
Thus could see Christ's mother bend her
Under woe, and never weep?
Who that saw her anguish could not
Share it, and, once sharing, would not
Drink her cup of sorrow deep?



For the sins of sinful nature
Which she bore, a human creature,
She must see her Son in death;
After scourges, after scorning,
Desolate, forsaken, mourning,
Till He drew His latest breath.

Ah! my Mother, whence love floweth,
As who sorrow's power knoweth,
Grant me that with Thee I mourn;
Be my willing soul's one pleasure
Love of Christ beyond all measure;
Make my soul with ardour burn.

Holy Mother, hear my pleading;
Fix the wounds of Jesus, bleeding
On the cross, within my heart;
In those wounds and cruel bruises,
Thy Son suffered for my uses,
Give me thus to bear a part.

Make me vie with Thee in grieving,
While I tread this land of living,
Suffering with the Crucified;
Now may I with Thee ally me,
Smite my breast and mortify me
'Neath the Rood and at Thy side.

Queen of maidens, Mary Maid, Lend me now thy gracious aid, Grant that I may mourn with Thee Make me bear thy Jesus dying, Lie with Him as He was lying, That His stripes may fall on me.

Make me wounded with His wounding,
Fill me with the grace abounding
Of His blood and of His cross;
Shield me from the flames infernal,
Save me, lest in that eternal
Judgment I may suffer loss.

Christ! when earthly war is ended, By Thy Mother dear befriended, May I win the battle-prize; And when all that dies is dying, Bring, my soul, on Thee relying, To the realm of Paradise.



#### ST. ALEXIS FALCONIERI

From the Breviary

O THOU fair lamp of Italy,
Who dwellest in the light above,
Alexis, with what hymns may we
Show forth thine honour and our love?

Who, with that band devout and true,
Of friends in mystic number seven,
Were founders of an Order new—
Servants of Mary, Queen of Heaven;

Who, when his course was almost run,
And eyes and hopes were fixed on high,
Saw Christ, to show the crown was won,
Stand as a babe with angels nigh.

Thy love of God's most holy name,
Thy faith and hope which did not faint,
Graces which set thy soul affame,
Placed thee in heaven a glorious saint.

Eternal Lord of heaven and earth,
Eternal Son, co-equal Thou,
Eternal Spirit, issuing forth,
To Thee in thanks and praise we bow.



#### ST. PEREGRINE LAZIOSI

From the Breviary

C REAT the virtues which he showed, He whose brow with glory glowed When God's Mother gave him grace 'Mid her own to find his place.

To the Cross he firmly clung, Wept the wounds that Jesus wrung; Mary's sorrows fired his heart Till he shared her bitter smart.

Herald he of words that win Hardened sinners back from sin; Robber bands he drew by love, Suppliants of Heaven above.

Did the poor his bounty crave? Largess beyond hope he gave; For as once at Jesus' touch Scanty food was turned to much.

He, whatever pains oppressed, Never laid him down to rest; Standing, fasting, worked for God, Bruised his body with the rod.

#### ON THE WAY SIDE

When his limb in peril stood,
Christ in pity from the Rood
Reached His hand, and all the wound
Healed, the flesh grew sweet and sound.

Glory, laud, and honour be
To Three in One and One in Three:
May His Servant aid to bring
Us to heaven to see the King.

# ST. JULIANA FALCONIERI

From the Breviary

THOU, Juliana, who would'st be
Bride of the Lamb, enthroned on high,
A virgin band didst lead with thee
When thou thy father's home didst fly.

By day and night thy gaze adored
The Saviour's every tortured limb,
And, smit by sorrow's piercing sword,
Thy very form grew liker Him.

Before God's Mother thou didst bow, And by her sorrows make thy claim; And as thy tears incessant flow, Thy love sends up a greater flame.

When death drew nigh, and power ceased
To take the Food thou lovedst well,
He gave thee—He, the Eternal Priest—
His Body by a miracle.

Eternal Lord of heaven and earth,
Eternal Son, co-equal Thou,
Eternal Spirit issuing forth,
To Thee in thanks and praise we bow.

#### ST. PHILIP BENIZI

From the Breviary

O SAINT, who at thy mother's breast
Didst name that sacred band of seven
"Servants of Mary," from thy rest
Pour down on us the joys of heaven.

Who in a vision saw'st the car

That harnessed lamb and lion drew,
Thy soul, surmounting every bar,
To service which is freedom flew.

To thee our Lady's Servants owe
The honour of their glorious name;
Thou, with the Spirit all aglow,
Spread'st through the world the Spirit's flame.

Honours, e'en Peter's keys, were spurned;
And when thy tears of penance fell
Upon the Sacred Mount, was turned
The flint stone to a springing well.

Servants of Mary, for the King
Serve with Saint Philip evermore,
For aye will Mary's service bring
Blessings from Heaven's bounteous store.



And may the Blessed Trinity
Assist us as in prayer we bow
May we one day rejoice as he
Rejoices, throned in heaven now.

# HYMN IN OFFICE OF THE SEVEN HOLY FOUNDERS, B.V.M.

From the Breviary.

Was red with blood of brother bands,
Our Virgin Mother bowed her down
With bounteous hands.

Seven faithful sons she bid to share
Her Dolours, all the shame and loss
Which Jesus suffered and she bare
Beneath His Cross.

Soon as their Lady called, as nought
They deemed their palaces and wealth,
The mountains' desert places sought
Far off, by stealth.

For others' sins the scourge they plied,
As they the way of penance trod;
By prayers and tears they turned aside
The wrath of God.



Token of love, the Mother's hand
Gave to her sons their garb of woe;
Sanctioned the pious work they planned,
With wondrous show.

The vine, to spread their honours wide,
Her sprouts in winter greenly flung.
"See those are Mary's Servants," cried
The infant tongue.

Now to the Father thanks and praise;
To Thee, O Son, the same we send;
To Thee, Great Spirit, through all days,
World without end.

# ANOTHER HYMN IN OFFICE OF THE SEVEN HOLY FOUNDERS, B.V.M.

From the Breviary

THE Fathers lived a life in shade, Yet seemed to Peter's vision seven White glistening lilies for the Maid, The Queen of Heaven.

Through city street, o'er hills and plains,
Upborne by love divine they trod,
To fix in men the Mother's pains,
The swords of God.

This was the power in which they spoke,
Till each wild passion owned their sway;
They cheered the sad, from sinners broke
Their chains away.

Till at the last the Virgin Queen

Led them to mansions in the sky—

Mansions where garlands still are green,

And never die.



May they hear cries of all who pray,
And see how hard our earthly strife,
Aiding us onward to the day
Where all is life.

Now to the Father thanks and praise;
To Thee, O Son, the same we send;
To Thee, Great Spirit, through all days,
World without end.

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